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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

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On TUESDAY NEXT, July 19,

"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

EXTRA NIGHT.

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Conductor - - - - - M^{rs}. COSTA.

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MISS ELEANOR WARD and Miss CONSTANCE

RODEN have the honor to announce their MATINEE MUSICALE, on Wednesday, July 20, at 66 CABOT'S PLACE (by kind permission), to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists.—Mdles. Linas Martorelli, Georgi, Constance Georgi, Constance Roden and Madame Weiss; Messrs. Willys Cooper, Weiss, Allan Irving, Frank Elmore and Santley (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.). Instrumentalists.—Pianoforte, Madame R. Sydney Pratten and Miss Eleanor Ward; Flute, Mr. R. S. Pratten; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Harp, Mr. John Cheshire. Conductors.—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, C. J. Hargitt, W. Ganz, E. Berger and Benedict. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or three for £1 10s.; to be had of Cramer, Wood & Co., 201 Regent Street; Olivier & Co., No. 19 Old Bond Street; Miss Ward, 61 Albany Street, Regent's Park; and Miss Roden, 91 Cambridge Street, Eccleston Square.

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN" (Words by H. HERSEY, Esq.), composed by **EMILE BERGER**, at Mrs. Vernon's Concert, Tottenham, on Tuesday, July 19; and at the Glasgow City Hall, September 17 and 24.

MADLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing "A THOUSAND MILES FROM THEE," composed by **FRANK MORI**, at Scarborough, on Friday, July 22nd.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE," composed for him by **BLUMENTHAL**, at the Hereford Festival, on Wednesday Evening, August 31.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "WAVELLEY," at Tottenham, July 19; Crystal Palace, July 28; at Myddelton Hall, August 5; and Richmond, August 17.

MR. WALTER PETTIT will play a FANTASIA for VIOLONCELLO (M.S.), by **CHARLES LUCAS**, at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, THIS DAY. 26 Portdown Road, Malda Vale, W.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND, **MR. H. BLAGROVE** and **MR. W. PETTIT** will play **MENDLSOHN'S** "TRIO in D Minor," at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, THIS DAY, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing at the City Hall Concerts, Glasgow, September 17 and 24, and will be happy to accept engagements for other dates between September 12 and September 30. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W. C.

MADLE. LOUISE VAN NOORDEN (Soprano). Communications respecting engagements in Town and Country to be addressed to 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MIREILLE—GOUNOD—TIETJENS, ETC.

(Times—July 11)

M. Gounod's *Mireille*—or *Mirella*, as it is newly christened—grows upon acquaintance. It is not another *Faust*, but that merely proves the author's versatility, the subject having nothing whatever in common with *Faust*, while the music, it may be stated without reserve, is in every sense happy and effective. *Mireille* shares two peculiarities with *Faust*. It does not contain a single example of elaborate writing—a single example either of the grand "*morceau d'ensemble*" (to employ an untranslatable compound), or of the grand *finale*, in which the most famous dramatic composers, from Mozart to Rossini, have delighted to exhibit their strength. On the other hand, an individuality of style which, in spite of occasional resemblances to Auber and occasional imitations of Meyerbeer, reveals the fact that M. Gounod's music is M. Gounod's and no one else's—an individuality of which, seeing how few living composers can boast anything of the sort, the accomplished French musician has a right to be proud—is apparent in *Mireille*, just as it is apparent in *Faust* and in *La Reine de Saba*, the unsuccessful predecessor of that singularly popular work; but further, we repeat there is nothing in common between M. Gounod's last opera and his last but two. That *Faust* should be immediately understood and its worth acknowledged, not alone in Paris and London, but wherever it has been performed, while *Mireille* in Paris was laid aside after twenty-four representations, is solely attributable to their respective books. The book of *Faust* is built upon a story and comprises personages familiar to the whole civilized world,—familiar through poetry and prose, through ballad, painting, statuary, and engraving. The book of *Mireille*, on the contrary, comes from a source wholly unknown to any except lettered Frenchmen—and even to them, until of late years, chiefly known through the eloquent description of Lamartine. When the *Mireio* of M. Frederic Mistral, of Marseilles—esteemed by readers of universal poetry, of poetry wherever to be found and in whatever language written, a sort of Homeric troubadour—first appeared, being composed in the Provençal tongue, it was inaccessible to all except a narrow range of appreciators. But for Lamartine, and the prose translation from the author's own pen, to which Lamartine's eulogium possibly contributed (some ten years ago), and through which M. Gounod became intimate with the poem, *Mireio* might to this day have been as little known to ordinary readers even in France (parts of the south excepted) as the poetry of Roumanville and Aubanel of Avignon, of Benedit of Marseilles, with other zealous promulgators of the Troubadour legends and Troubadour rhymes, labourers in the honorable, if not very thankful, task of reviving and spreading the taste for an idiom which rivalled even the Italian idiom of its period, who, had not Mistral produced his great work, would hold a rank scarcely inferior to his. With this disadvantage M. Gounod had to contend in writing his new opera; but, in love with his subject, like a true enthusiast, he spared no pains to do it justice. He visited, it is said, the country where M. Mistral had placed the scene and imagined the incidents of his poem, imbuing his mind with the spirit of Provençal legend, and filling his ear with the strains of early Provençal melody. How much he gathered while in Provence, and for how much we are indebted rather to his research than to his invention, it is for future explorers to discover. That, however, is just now a point of little consequence. M. Gounod has given to the world another genuine and charming work, which, if not revealing absolute genius, shows something next akin to it. The first place can only be allowed to such as are more richly endowed than M. Gounod with the gift of spontaneous and continuous melody, better able than he to translate into music the emotions of which tragedy is the legitimate exponent, and more skillful in those elaborate combinations which, while belonging to the highest art, lie only within the province of the highest genius successfully to contrive. To such exceptional endowments he may not pretend; but, apart from them, he has more than enough to charm the world and create for himself a brilliant name, the ultimate endurance of which will rest entirely with himself.

The poem of *Mireio*—an epic-idyll in the strictest sense—is in 12 cantos, the loves and adventures of the daughter of Maitre Raimon and Vincent, the basket-maker's son, serving as connecting links in a whole which might have been built up just as well with the aid of any other legend, and which has been poetically described as "*La Provence elle-même, avec un cœur de femme et les traits d'un ange*." It was a hard task for M. Michel Carré to dig out an operatic libretto from such materials as the great work of Homer's "*umbe esculant*" (M. Mistral thus describes himself) presents; and really on the whole, though three acts (or even two) would have served the purpose more readily than five, he has not performed it ill. If not dramatic, he is at least not uninteresting. But, tempting as is the theme, we are forced by considerations for which our musical readers in general,

and the zealous admirers of M. Gounod's music in particular, will easily appreciate, to refrain from entering into further detail. The plot with which M. Carré has furnished M. Gounod may be described in a very few lines. *Mireille*, daughter of the wealthy farmer Ramon, is enamoured of Vincent, a poor basket-maker, by whom her love is reciprocated. But Ramon has destined her for Ourrias, the bull-tamer, who, rich like himself, he considers a more suitable match. Deaf to the entreaties of his old friend Ambroise (Vincent's father), Ramon is obdurate; and on *Mireille* declaring she will have no other than Vincent, he spurns her and threatens her with his curse. Ourrias, hearing *Mireille*'s confession, becomes furious. Following his rival to a remote and unfrequented place, he assaults and leaves him for dead. Remorse for this crime soon follows, and, wandering from the spot, the exasperated bull-tamer loses his way and is drowned in attempting to cross the Rhone on the very night of the murder he believes he has committed. Vincent, however, not being mortally wounded, is tended by a friendly "wise-woman," called Taven, and ultimately cured. Meanwhile *Mireille*, receiving the news of her lover's supposed disaster, from his sister, Vincennette, sets out on a pilgrimage to the Church of the Saintes Maries, consistently with a pledge formerly entered into between Vincent and herself, in case of misfortune occurring to either. She has to pass, on foot and unaided, the vast plain of the desert of Crau, and only arrives at the place of her destination in time to die, of fatigue, exhaustion, and "sun-stroke," at the threshold of the church, and in the arms of her inconsolable lover. This is the bare outline, omitting some supernatural machinery, since suppressed in the French version, and never included in the Italian one prepared for Her Majesty's Theatre—where, by the way, instead of dying, *Mireille* recovers. That so few incidents, and these so essentially undramatic, should be expanded into five acts and yet not induce a sense of utter weariness, can only be laid to the account of the music—music which enlivens every situation, gives tongue to every emotion, and graphically distinguishes the personages of the drama one from another. But we will not do M. Gounod the injustice to dismiss his clever and interesting work in the brief paragraph to which at present any critical notice of it would necessarily be limited, and therefore content ourselves, until a more favorable occasion, with the few general remarks embodied in the foregoing.

The performance of *Mireille* at Her Majesty's Theatre is worthy all commendation. The characters, large and small, are alike well-sustained. Madlle. Tietjens, in *Mireille*, presents us with a fair pendant to her Margaret, the character being portrayed with the same dramatic intelligence, the music sung with the same power, expression, and—where that is called for—brilliance. In the last two scenes—that of the Desert and the Saintes Maries—she is as superb as in the earlier scenes, where the gentle emotions of innocent love are to be depicted, she is graceful, and in that of the *finale* to the second act, where *Mireille*'s devotion to Vincent cowers not even before the terrors of her father's anger, she is impassioned. The "make-up" of Madlle. Trebelli as Taven, the old "wise-woman," is as appropriate as her delivery of the characteristic air ("*La stagione arriva*"), in which the reputed sorceress warns *Mireille* of her danger, and which (as in Paris) invariably wins an encore, is striking. Madlle. Volpini, as the shepherd-boy—the strains of whose bucolic music restore the despairing *Mireille* to sense (in the Desert scene)—is equally perfect in her way, warbling the delicious little air ("*Io sono pastore*") with a sweetness and unaffected simplicity that could hardly be surpassed. This, too, is a sure "encore;" as is the *cavatina* of Vincent ("*Ah so de'prieghi miei*"), as good in its way and very much in the style of "*Salve Dimora*," and given by Signor Giuglini with no less feeling and refined expression than marked his delivery of its well-known precursor in *Faust*. The two "heavy fathers"—Ramon, father of *Mireille*, and Ambroise, father of Vincent—are capably sustained by MM. Junca and Gassier. Ourrias, the bull-tamer, disdained of *Mireille*—with an air—("*Se l'Arleesi son regine*") just as characteristic in its way as the romance allotted to Taven—is represented by Mr. Santley, who acts the character as admirably as he sings the music. The little part of Vincennette (Vincent's sister) devolves upon Madlle. Reboux, its original representative in Paris, and could scarcely be in better keeping. Signor Arditì, as usual, has taken extraordinary pains in rehearsing the new opera, and with the best results. His orchestra may be commended without reserve; and no one can complain of being forced to listen twice to the pretty, light, and essentially pastoral overture, played as it is played under his direction. The chorus is almost, if not quite, as good. The *mise en scène* has been scrupulously cared for; and while each of the *tableaux* painted by Mr. Telbin extorts the warmest encomium, the view of the Desert of Crau, with the incidental *mirage* of the New Jerusalem, may be singled out as one of the most natural and beautiful stage-pictures that modern art has produced. The opera pleases more and more each time it is heard; and at the third performance—which, on Saturday night, attracted a densely crowded audience—in addition to the encores we

have named, Madlle. Tietjens was forced to repeat the last movement of her grand *scena* in the second act, which she sang with extraordinary brilliancy. It is unnecessary to specify the "recalls."

Mireille is to be repeated to-morrow and on Thursday. On Saturday a "miscellaneous" performance is announced for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson.

[In consequence of the increasing success of M. Gounod's new opera, Mr. Mapleson has abandoned the idea of a miscellaneous selection for his benefit, and substituted *Mireille*.—Ed.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

L'ELISIR—PATTI—MARIO—RONCONI.

(Times—July 11.)

The revival of Donizetti's best comic opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, after a seven years' rest, was one of the most agreeable incidents of last season. Signor Ronconi's imitatively droll and thoroughly original impersonation of Dulcamara, the most grotesque and diverting of stage charlatans, would alone have sufficed to recommend it; but this was accompanied by the unexpected apparition of a new Adina, who, while warbling the bright and flowing melodies, which the composer—never, perhaps, in a happier vein—has placed in the mouth of the most engaging and prettiest of village flirts, as well as any and better than most of her predecessors, presented an embodiment of the character which, for winning grace and natural vivacity, was wholly without precedent. An Adina so evenly balanced in musical and dramatic excellence as that of Mademoiselle Adelina Patti had perhaps never before enticed, tormented, and ultimately recompensed the pains of a love-lorn Nemorino. One thing only was wanting to complete the illusion—the Nemorino who had been announced in the prospectus, and who nevertheless was not forthcoming. This year, however, the subscribers and the public, who, with the best face they could put on, submitted patiently to the disappointment, are rewarded for their generous forbearance. Signor Mario, after eight years' hesitation, again assumes a part in which he has known no equal; and to crown all, M. Faure, now the Recruiting Sergeant, is in many respects the most easy, bluff, and genial representative of Belcore that could be wished. The four principal characters thus supported, and the rest of the performance to match—Mr. Costa heartily appreciating, as he always does, the merits of this lively, neat, and sparkling music, and directing his band and chorus *con amore*—no wonder that *L'Elisir d'Amore* should recover all its pristine attraction, and be listened to with fresh gratification. Seldom has a crowded audience been more enchained and fascinated than that of Saturday night. The new Adina—or, "to speak by the card," the Adina of one summer—fairly, to use a common phrase, "surpassed herself." The first duet, in which the rustic beauty cruelly plagues her lover, urging him to the impossible feat of bestowing his affections elsewhere, gave an inkling of what was to follow. The "Tu non puoi?—perché?"—when Nemorino vows that to think of any other than herself is out of his power, was uttered with incomparable archness. Then, the Nemorino of the evening being in every sense worthy of his partner, the refined and delicate bye-play was not, as too frequently happens, all on one side, but honestly divided. The audience beheld, as it were, a vision of the past. So it was in the duet with Dulcamara, who in the spoilt coquette finds no such willing purchaser of his vaunted panacea—no such dupe, in short, as the perplexed and amorous Nemorino. If of the latter the charlatan might well declare that, though in his travels he had met with many a fool, he had never till now met such a fool as his village acquaintance, of the former he is compelled to admit that she is better than a match for himself:—

"Ahi, Dottore e troppo scaltra,

"Più di te costei ne sa!"

Adina's elixir is more potent than Dulcamara's; it exists, as she slyly insinuates, in her face and in her eyes:—

"La ricetta è il mio visino,

"In quest'occhi è l'elisir."

And doubtless it was a very similar elixir, the legend notwithstanding, by means of which "La Beale Isonde" enthralled Sir Tristram de Liones, in their sea passage from Ireland to the Cornish coast. The duet in question was sung and acted, from beginning to end, by Mademoiselle Patti and Signor Ronconi, with a point, a humour, an unflagging spirit, that raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch; and there was no choice for the performers but to return to the stage and repeat the final movement. Notwithstanding this, the plaintive and beautiful "Una furtiva lagrima," which comes immediately after, was given by Signor Mario with such depth of sentiment, such finished phrasing, such truly natural and touching expression, that again the audience were enraptured. A repetition of the romance, demanded with unmistakable unanimity, was not to be resisted; and

Signor Mario showed his sense of the compliment by singing it, if possible, even better the second time than the first. Only a few of the most striking features of this admirable performance have been alluded to; the rest, with a glance at the barcarole for two voices, "Io son ricco, e tu sei bella," where Dulcamara mockingly woos Adina, he as a "senator," she as a modest "gondoliera"—into the genuine "fun" of which both Mademoiselle Patti and Signor Ronconi entered with a well-sustained vivacity that elicited the continued merriment of the house—must be left to the imagination.

The programme for the current week includes the last performance of *Don Giovanni*—Madlle. Patti as Zerlina (to-night); the *Traviata*—Madlle. Artot as Violetta (to-morrow); the *Prophète*—Signor Tamberlik as Jean of Leyden (Thursday); *Faust e Margherita*—Madlle. Patti's last appearance this year as Margherita (Friday); and the last performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Saturday). The *Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Miolan Carvalho as Catarina, is announced for Saturday week. Meanwhile the season—one of the most successful on record—is rapidly drawing to a close.

MIREILLE.

By the Late P. A. FIORENTINO.

Mireille, or *Mirio*, is the heroine of a Provençal poem, which contains some great beauties. Nothing can be more fresh, more poetic and more gentle, than this charming story, commencing like an idyll and concluding like a legend. It is the simple and touching history of the loves of a farmer's daughter and of a poor basket-maker; but if the fable is of the most artless description, the details and episode, which heighten its effect and serve as a frame-work for it, display astonishing richness and variety. At times its tone rises to that of an epic, and some of its pages might really compete in vigor and grandeur with the works of the Ancients, of whom the author, M. Mistral, says he is a humble disciple. The poem has twelve cantos. The piece follows it as best it may, condensing and turning it into stanzas, more or less successful; but I greatly prefer a literal translation, in the absence of the Provençal verse, which unfortunately the reader would not comprehend. It is *Mireille*, who, with the chaste ingenuousness of adolescence, takes the initiative, and induces Vincent, the handsome basket-maker, to avow his passion for her by courageously declaring that she loves him:—

"So you think me prettier than your sister, do you?" says the young maiden to Vincent.—"Much prettier," he replies.—"Yet what is there in me more than in her?"—"Divine Mother! what is there in the goldfinch more than in the shrill wren, except it be beauty itself, and song, and grace! My sister, from running about the pasture-lands, my sister, like the branch of a date tree, has scorched her neck and her face in the sun; as for you, beautiful creature, I think you resemble the flowers of the asphodel; the tan-colored hand of Summer does not dare to caress your white forehead. My sister is still as slim as a libellula of the brook. Poor girl! She grew up in a year! But you, *Mireille*! . . ."

And he looks at her with so beaming an eye, and tells her so artlessly in what she differs from his sister, that the maiden, letting fall the mulberry-branch from which she is plucking the leaves, replies with a blush: "Oh, Vincent, how you talk!" Nothing can express all the content, the joy, the tender reproach, and the modest tenderness contained in this name thus pronounced. The two young creatures discover a tomtit's nest, and, after a most charming scene, which we might fancy borrowed from the most pleasing pages of *Daphnis et Chloé*, the mulberry-branch to which they have been clinging snaps and suddenly breaks off. *Mireille* and Vincent, "entwined in each other's embrace, like twins," fall upon the supple dandel-grass. After the lapse of an instant, the poor girl, freed from the young basket-maker's arms, sits down, quite pale, upon the sloping ground, while poor Vincent, trem bling with anxiety, says:—

"You have not hurt yourself, have you, *Mireille*? Oh, shame of the Allée, tree of the Devil, tree planted on a Friday, may atrophy wither you up; insects devour you; your owner abhor you!" But, with emotion which she cannot overcome, she says: "I have not hurt myself." Vincent overwhelms her with questions. Is she afraid her mother will scold her for stopping so late to pluck the mulberry leaves? Or has, perhaps, the sun of May burnt and intoxicated her?

"No, no!" replies the daughter of La Crau. "Why should I deceive you? My breast can no longer contain the secret! . . . Vincent! Vincent! shall I tell you?—I love you!"

The poor basket-maker is, at first, stupefied, crushed by so much happiness. Humbling himself at the feet of this queen, before whom everything bends, and re-assured at length by her reiterated avowals, he says, abruptly:

"Are you a magician, then, for the sight of you to fascinate me as it does—for your voice to rise to my brain, and render me mad, like a man under the influence of wine? Do you not see that your embrace

has filled my thoughts with fire? For, listen! if you would know it, at the risk of your making me—the poor carrier of fire-wood—a butt for your laughter, I, too, love you! I love you! Mireille! I love you with so much love that I could devour you!"

Unfortunately, Mireille's father, a harsh and avaricious man, will not hear of his daughter's making a bad match, and becoming the wife of a wretched basket-maker. He would prefer for his son-in-law Alari, the shepherd, whose flocks cover the plain, or Vêran, who tends the troops of horses, or even Ourrias, the robust and savage neatherd. But the young girl cannot repress her aversion for her rich suitors, especially the last, the boldest of all, and the one who displeases her the most. Not only, indeed, does she reject him as she rejects the others, but she rallies and insults him into the bargain. The rage of Ourrias falls upon the young man whom Mireille dares to prefer to him. In the poem, the two rivals have a bodily struggle, reminding one of the combat between Goliath and David. The giant succumbs, but as the conqueror is leaving the spot, and thanking Heaven for having been allowed to overthrow his formidable adversary, the latter brandishes the cattle-goad he has concealed among the furze, and inflicts a terrible blow upon the young man, whom he believes he has killed.

After the murder, the neatherd, pursued by remorse, and fleeing at full gallop upon his affrighted steed, sees the waters of the Rhone suddenly gleam before him. He calls loudly to the boatman to come and ferry him across. We now have a Dante-like vision, full of fearful horrors. The moment the assassin places his foot upon the stern, the boat sinks and staggers like a drunken man—"Wretch! you have killed some one!"—"I killed some one? Who told you so?"—"Ah!" continues the pale-faced Boatman, "I am wrong; I forgot that it is the night of St. Médard. Every poor drowned wretch—from the frightful gulfs, from the sombre whirlpools—no matter at what depth he is buried beneath the waters—must this night return to earth. The long procession has already commenced. Yonder they are, poor things, bathed in tears! Yonder they are upon the stony bank, which they ascend with their naked feet. From their garments covered with mud, from their dank hair, the thick water runs down in large drops. In the shade, under the poplars, they advance in rows, each holding in his hand a lighted taper." At length the boat sinks in the Rhone. The members of the mournful procession throw a rope to the boatmen, who cling to it and save themselves by swimming. Ourrias also endeavours to catch hold of it; he cannot reach it, however, and the waters close over him. The conclusion of this fifth canto, one of the finest in the poem, is characterised by a truthfulness and energy which make one's blood run cold. A few words will suffice to explain what follows. Vincent is not killed. He has been tended and cured by a kind old woman, the witch Taven. But poor Mireille, while crossing the arid wastes of La Crau, on a pilgrimage to the Saintes, has a sun-stroke, and dies on the threshold of the church, whither she was going to pray for Vincent.

STREET MUSIC.

(From "The Book of Bass.")

32, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, June 15, 1864.

SIR,—You will, I trust, excuse the liberty I take in writing to thank you for the great boon you are conferring on my profession in particular, and society in general. I am perfectly certain that all the ladies who keep schools will be most grateful to you for your efforts to remove, or limit the present nuisance of street music. You are, I presume, aware that the majority of the unfortunate men who torture London society with the dismal strains of their organs, and other instruments, are not *bona fide* beggars, but the hired servants of some speculating individual in the City, who provides the instruments. I have frequently heard you spoken of by a very talented pupil of mine, and the fact of your acquaintance with her family has emboldened me to send you these few remarks. I beg again to thank you for your exertions regarding the nuisance of street music, very much indeed; and I feel sure that the measure will be most highly appreciated by the greater part of the inhabitants of London.

I beg to remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,

M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P.

J. BALSIL CHATTERTON,

Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen.

To M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P.

SIR,—Your undersigned correspondents are desirous to offer you their hearty thanks for your introduction into the House of Commons of a Bill for the Suppression of Street Music; and they beg to assure you that, in the various ways open to them, they will, out of Parliament, do their utmost to support you in your endeavour to abolish that intolerable nuisance. Your correspondents are all professors and practitioners of one or other of the arts or sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily

interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, driven nearly mad, by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads; for, no sooner does it become known to those producers of horrible sounds that any of your correspondents have particular need of quiet in their own houses, than the said houses are beleaguered by discordant hosts seeking to be bought off. Your correspondents represent to you that these pecuniary speculations in the misery they endure are far more destructive to their spirits than their pockets; and that some of them, not absolutely tied to London by their avocations, have actually fled into the country for refuge from this unmerited persecution—which is none the less grievous or hard to bear, because it is absurd. Your grateful correspondents take the liberty to suggest to you that, although a Parliamentary debate undoubtedly requires great delicacy in the handling, their avocations require at least as much, and that it would highly conduce towards the success of your proposed enactment, if you prevail on its opponents to consent to state their objections to it, assailed on all sides by the frightful noises in despite of which your correspondents have to gain their bread. (Signed):—CHARLES DICKENS, ALFRED TENNYSON, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, FRANCIS GRANT, JOHN FORSTER, J. R. HENBET, JOHN LEECH, W. HOLMAN HUNT, WILKIE COLLINS, J. E. HORSLEY, W. P. FIRTH, F. SEYMOUR HAYDN, R. DOYLE, T. CARLYLE, ALFRED WIGAN, W. BOXALL, GEORGE JONES, ALFRED ELMORE, THOMAS FARD, JOHN PHILLIPS, THOMAS CRESWICK, JAMES SANT, E. M. BARRY, J. H. ROBINSON, S. COUSINS, L. STOCKS, W. C. DOBSON, THOMAS WOOLNER.

To the Editor of the DAILY TELEGRAPH.

SIR,—Without entering into the merits of street music—in which, however, I am a sincere believer—there are one or two remarks in your recent leader for which I am particularly grateful, and, coinciding so thoroughly with my own impressions, I am induced to write you a line on the same subject. When you say, "We would rather bear the little evils that we have than see them set right at the mere will and discretion of a constable," you echo my sentiments thoroughly and completely. The reports, time after time, in your columns, of the conduct of the police, as individuals, do not justify us with entrusting them with individual power. The other day a woman was brought up for assaulting a constable, and it was proved he was wrong. Some short time back, after hearing the evidence, one of the West-end magistrates said (I quote from memory), "I have so often committed prisoners on the unsupported evidence of a constable that I am sorry this case has come before me. I hope this officer will never offer evidence before me, for I should not believe him." Primrose-hill was not in favor of the police as a body. Set a beggar on horseback and he rides you know where; but my notion is, that if you put a man into a blue coat and a glazed hat on his head; he tries to overtake the beggar. If you will allow me, I should like to state one or two instances of *Myself versus Power* and a Policeman. When Garibaldi came to the City, I, being in Moorgate-street, wanted most particularly, on business, to get to St. Mildred's-court in the Poultry. Power in Moorgate-street said, "You must go round." This I translated for myself, and went round, arriving at the corner of King-street. Power in Cheapside said, "Can't pass years." Self said, "I must." Police, in a body, grinned. Self inquired for superintendent. Power "hadn't got one." Self found out superintendent, who passed me through to next barrier, where I had to undergo a worse ordeal, until, finding an inspector, I got to my appointment in time to be too late. I have plenty of other instances in mind; but I should probably overstep your limits. If you grant me space for the above I shall be obliged; and remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

ONE WHO HAS A BETTER OPINION OF AN ORGAN-GRINDER THAN A POLICEMAN.

The Church Choral Society.

The fifth annual public meeting of friends and supporters of Church Choral Society was held at rooms of Messrs. Collard and Collard, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, on Monday, under presidency of George C. Bentinck, M.P., supported by Hon. H. Walpole, G. W. M. Reynolds, Rev. S. Bushnell, &c. Hon. Chairman, introducing business of meeting, explained objects of Society, as being to assist choirs in London and elsewhere, not only by general superintendence and inspection at stated intervals, but also weekly training and tuition of choirs and congregational classes, as well as sending voices from society's choir for Sunday services and week-day practices. To carry out these objects an efficient permanent choir was maintained by Society, services of which were always granted to consecration of churches or opening, or at opening of parochial institutions. Society in giving aid did not stipulate for particular form of service, or seek to

alter character of music in church, but endeavoured to promote congregational psalmody, taking musical portion of services as found. Secretary read report of Society's operations during past year, from which it appeared that upwards of 2000 visits had been paid to 50 churches in London and elsewhere, and distance of 14,500 miles traversed. Register had been opened for boys' and leaders' voices, first examined in vocal and musical proficiency, and, if competent, certificated. It was now under consideration to establish Church Choral Institution.

Report unanimously adopted.

Hon. H. Walpole moved—"That having regard to results already accomplished by Church Choral Society affording assistance to 50 churches, to character of instruction given, as well as efficiency of pupils, and moral influence brought to bear, meeting is of opinion that Society deserves every support." G. W. M. Reynolds seconded resolution, which was unanimously adopted. Other resolutions in support of Society having been carried, usual compliment to Chairman brought proceedings to close.

T. Duff Short.

Muttoniana.

MR. O'WAIN AP'MUTTON apprises the readers of this Column that he has suddenly returned to his post, contrary to his own expectation and that (no doubt) of his many and zealous disciples. He mildly thanks Dr. Chidley Pidding—his deputy for a short period; and would be (if he could—but it is not in his nature) profuse in acknowledgments to the very original and enlightened Dr. Taylor Shoe. Meanwhile, he begs that Dr. Otto Beard—who, by Dr. Shoe's desire, was to have been his (Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton's) sub-substitute, pending the operation to be performed on an Alderman's jaws—will attend to his (Dr. Beard's) own affairs, and not puzzle his brains with the conduct of *Muttoniana*. The majority in favour of Ministers, in the last great debate at Westminster, proved clearly to Mr. Ap'M that he (Mr. Ap. M.) had nothing more to expect from Herr von Bismark, of Schloss-Esel (where Mr. Longears, showing himself worthy his patronymic, still continues to hang out). Mr. Ap'M, therefore, precipitately quitted the Little Belt, sold his smack (at considerable loss), and now resumes those important functions confided to him by the editor of the M. W.

On looking wistfully at his Wire, Mr. Ap'Mutton finds that Drs. Pidding and Shoe have disburthened it of all its contents, with the solitary exception of a brief (addressed to the latter), which he (Mr. Ap'M—who is not the latter), failing to apprehend, lays all the more timidly, before his (Mr. Ap.M's) readers:—

DEAR SHOE—Having met with a nail merchant of the name James Marlin Spike, while at the Opera on Saturday evening last, and who, during our conversation, made enquiries after Dr. Shoe, as he intended to open new accounts in London, and I gave him the address, 244, Regent Street, trusting that you will do your best for him as he is a stranger in London; a simple country fellow, you will say so when I tell you. The Opera-house he visited was Her Majesty's Theatre, and the performance was the new opera, *Mirella*, and you know, dear Shoe, that in the first act there is a vineyard scene, where the fair Mirella plucks the grapes and fills the baskets. Well, we waited until the *finale* of the opera, which was very beautiful; I accompanied Mr. Marlin Spike home; we traversed the Hay Market, when walking along he said to me, in his Lancashire way—"Eh lad, it was rare and hot in yon play-house, I never seed the loik afore, not as I mind of." Poor Marlin Spike never saw an opera before. Well, sir, we had just arrived at the top of the Hay Market, where we came opposite a fruit shop, and Mr. Marlin Spike again hollowed out in his Lancashire lingo—"Eh, lad, there is a fruit shop, let's have some of yon grapes, for my mouth have been running water all the nest since yon lass was plucking them from the trees;" so the fruit was purchased, and thus ended with a laugh. "So much"—said I—"for Mr. Telbin."

I am, Dear Shoe, yours, BUCKNOLE BAT.

Perry Cellars, Spinster Alley.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has not attempted to bleach the foregoing, under the apprehension that Mr. Bucknole Bat might be an intimate friend of Dr. Shoe's. Moreover, a pretty compliment to Mr. Ap'M's respected friend, Telbin, delicately peeps out from amid the rusticity of style which Mr. Bat assumes—no doubt with an end.

EPIGRAM.

The only difference I doubt
'Twixt Tietjens and Alboni,
Is one of 'em eats *saur-kraut*
And t'other macaroni.

SIMPLE SIMON.

The above epigram was picked up by Mr. Ap'M., in a railway carriage (first-class) between Harwich and the capital. Mr. Simon is possibly less simple than his prename.

The subjoined, mislaid by Dr. Shoe, is now laid properly by Mr. Ap'Mutton:—

Opera Company.

(Omitted from Dr. Shoe's Last.)

Opera Company, established to carry out, with extended provision, objects sought by English Opera Association, voluntarily wound up, in consequence of constitution being found inadequate to requirements. Following opinion has been given on case submitted by directors:—

"We are of opinion that legal effect may be given to privileges of shareholders and to extension of them by dissolving Company and re-constructing on new basis. Company has no power to alter memorandum to extent required, and we think no alteration of present articles of association alone by statutory, special resolution or otherwise, could be safely relied upon; but we think privileges would be valid if Company were re-established with memorandum and articles of association framed so as to show plainly nature and effect of privileges proposed to be conferred on shareholders, and made to appear on face of memorandum that grant of privileges was one of objects for which Company was established.—H. M. Cairns, W. G. Harrison, Joseph W. Chitty."

After receiving opinion, directors of English Opera Association agreed to recommend its being wound up voluntarily; and shareholders have since confirmed same. Opera company commences with articles of association drawn up by Mr. Chitty, clauses of which are sufficient to meet almost any requirement. Company have also provisionally secured Covent Garden Theatre, and arrangements with Gye appear to be of most satisfactory kind. Now remains with musical public and those who desire to support lyric art in higher branches, to give hearty support and confidence to undertaking.

(Seen and approved.)

T. Duff Short.

Mr. Ap'Mutton should feel obliged to Mr. Short if he (Mr. Short) would condescendingly keep time. His (Mr. Short's) communications are invariably a seven-day in rear; and Mr. Ap'Mutton would prefer to have them a seven-day in van—especially when such an important matter is under rumination as the new Opera Company. He appeals to auditor G. Wood.

To the Editor of *Muttoniana*.

REVERED SIR,—Recently, at Hong Kong, I fell over a copy of an old *Athenaeum*, or an old copy of an *Athenaeum*. In a column devoted to music, I fell over the enclosed. It immediately occurred to me that the famous Mr. Ap'Mutton might like to fall over the same. I consequently forward same, with compliments—and am, respectfully,

Chang-chow, May 22.

ULYSSES PLUM

(Private in Major Gordon's force).

P.S.—You will be glad to hear we have whacked the four Wangs—including Hoo-wang, who now lies headless (or trunkless, if head make the Wang).

Mr. Ap'Mutton is beholden to Private Plum, and glad that he (Plum) fell over the paragraph, of which he (Mr. Ap'M.) unreluctantly avails himself:—

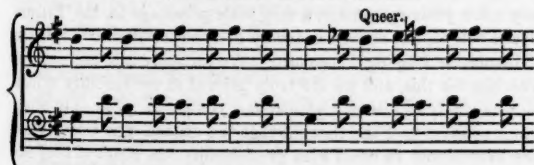
"Some misunderstanding seems to be abroad in regard to the Double Piano-forte Concerto by Mendelssohn, one of his earliest works, which we EXAMINED and heard at Leipzig in the course of autumn last, as though a rule of reserve and secrecy had been indiscreetly broken with respect to it. Such is not the case. The Concerto had been already performed some time previous at one of the Concerts of the Conservatory Pupils, which include a numerous and competent audience. The name of the composer not being announced, not any of those out of the secret—even among the persons the most familiar with its author's manner—scribed it to Mendelssohn. It* was attributed to this and to the other known master, but by universal consent was agreed to be weak, poor, and mechanical, not worthy the trouble of performance or of the fame of any great German musician."

* The composer?—or its author's manner?

* The composer?—or &c.

The understanding of the *Athenæum* would seem (in Mr. Ap'M's advice), "to be abroad in regard to" the whole affair. If the MSS. of Mendelssohn are, for family reasons (or even for good reasons), to be withheld from the eye of an anxious public in general, and from the eye of Mr. Ap'Mutton in particular, it altogether eludes Mr. Ap'M's intellectual grasp upon what grounds they should be placed under the eye of a representative of the *Athenæum*, to be examined, and then performed for his edification. "In regard to," and "with respect to" (echoing the jumble which Mr. Ap'M has been at pains to italicise, here and there) the performance by the "Conservatory Pupils"—Mr. Ap'M is of advice that those in whom the care of Mendelssohn's MSS. is vested, ought to be sternly called to account for a flagrant abuse of the honourable charge confided to them. This is not the only instance of the dead master having been thus unceremoniously brought before a tribunal to which, living, he would have disdained appeal. His Reformation Symphony, Mr. Ap'M has been informed, was tried some time since, by a party of amateurs at Berlin—and condemned! Who were these amateurs?—Who authorised them to sit in judgment upon Mendelssohn?—and worse, the test being their own amateurish performance! "In regard" to and "with respect to" the Double-Concerto—Mr. Ap'Mutton would fain be made acquainted with the names of the persons not "out of the secret" who thus exposed an unknown work by so great and revered a master to contempt and contumely. He (Mr. Ap'M.) presumes that the representative of the *Athenæum* was one of them; and if *ceteris paribus* be accepted here as a rule, their opinion is as little to be respected as their discretion in playing so unwarrantable a trick. Mr. Ap'Mutton trusts and believes that Herr Moscheles, Herr Rietz, Herr David and Herr Hauptmann—the indefatigable "Four"—never gave their sanction to such a proceeding as that of bringing Mendelssohn up to judgment before Conservatory pupils and a critic in the *Athenæum*. That critic, after all, gives but an incoherent account of the transaction, and speaks mincingly as well as ungrammatically. How if the work was pronounced "by universal consent to be weak, poor and mechanical, not worthy the trouble of performance or of the fame of any great German musician," it could at the same time be "attributed to this and to the other known master," the *Athenæum* may perhaps explain; not that Mr. Ap'M. would care to read the explanation. This is the first time, moreover, that Mr. Ap'M. has heard of a concert "of Conservatory Pupils" including "a numerous and competent audience." He, Mr. Ap'M., is as full of meekness and charity as he is full of magnanimity; but he must condemn such a tampering with Mendelssohn's MSS., such a hocus-pocus juggling with Mendelssohn's name and reputation, as thoroughly disgraceful and wholly unpardonable. Mr. Ap'M. apologises to his readers for thus momentarily putting aside that calm urbanity for which he is invariably distinguished; but his choler overtook and overcame him. Nevertheless, he is beholden to Private Plum; is pleased to hear that he (Plum) has abetted in whacking the Wangs (including Hoowang); and will write to his (Mr. Ap'Mutton's) intimate friend, Major Gordon, in his (Plum's) behalf—which may or not (as the case may or may not be) procure him (Plum) promotion.

Mr. Pontifex Fouracres has two bars of music running in his head, from midnight to noon, and can't, for the ears of him remember whence they came. One of the bars is queer. Mr. P. F. lays his case before the conductor of *Muttoniana*. Here are the bars:—



Mr. Ap'Mutton has also at times been haunted or hunted with these bars. They have run in his (Mr. Ap'M's) head at times. They are the 28th and 29th bars of the prelude to the song of the *Berger*—"Le jour se lève"—in M. Gounod's delicious pastoral opera of *Mireille* (to see which the Misses Ap'Mutton—especially Miss Fleece, who is musical—would thank Mr. Mapleson for a box). The second bar is only "queer" non-poetically weighed. The

song itself is omitted from the performance in the Haymarket—for which (Mr. Ap'M. thinks) Sig. Arditì should be called to account.

Mr. Purple Powis presents his respects to the conductor of *Muttoniana* and would be glad if he could inform him where the subjoined theme can be found, or whether he (Mr. Powis) has unconsciously generated a melody:—



By a singular coincidence Miss Fleece Ap'Mutton was, last night, playing the very piece from which it comes, to solace her papa during his laborious duties as compiler of *Muttoniana*. The theme is the theme of the *rondò* of the first movement of the first sonatina of the six sonatinas, Op. 19, composed by Dussek, and published by Muzio Clementi and Co., 26 Cheapside. So that Mr. Purple Powis may relieve himself of the idea of having "unconsciously generated." Mr. Ap'Mutton has also generated a melody—but consciously.

Obvian Ap'Mutton.

King and Beard, Blackchapel, July 15.

P.S.—Mr. Ap'Mutton stops the press for the sake of an erratum:—

In the seventh line of the letter to Herr von Bismark in last week's *Musical World* read *through* instead of *though*, in page 438.

S. T. TABLE.

Mr. Table may read the line as he pleases; Mr. Ap'M. will continue to read *though*.

N.B.—Dr. Shoe being indisposed, has gone to be healed at Little Deal. When healed Dr. Shoe will return to this post, as sub-editor of *Muttoniana*.

O. Ap'M.

NONSENSICAL RHYMES FOR NONSENSICAL TIMES.

(New Series).

XXVI.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who came up to London by rail;
But his patron, John Ella
(Though now so much sweller)
Had to come up on foot from Kinsail.

XXVII.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who liked to be paid on the nail;
So his patron John Ella
Had to go out and sell a
New paletôt, to settle with Jael.

XXVIII.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who to please those he played for did fail,
When a few notes they heard,
They cried, "How absurd
"To set up as a pianist, this Jael!"

XXIX.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who fell on the keyboard like hail,
So up got John Ella,
With his umbrella,
Wide open, to screen him from Jael.

XXX.

There was an old pianist called Jael,
Whose progress was slow as a snail;
So his patron, John Ella
Nearly broke his patella,
In trying to kick on this Jael.

LIVERPOOL.—The entire company of the London Strand Theatre, commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on the 27th ult.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE SEVENTH SEASON

OF THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE

EARLY IN NOVEMBER.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER OF TEN YEARS' STANDING is thanked for his amiable retort to our note of last week. He will probably find that, in a short time, the "curious anecdotes and stray bits of information" will be multiplied—and, moreover, in the same Column. It is impossible to fit a periodical exclusively to the taste of any one subscriber; and we cannot, therefore, undertake to discontinue what has met with a hearty response from so very many quarters. As our correspondent is in a more amiable mood, we are the more ready to inform him that Mr. Disbley Peters has consented to undertake the department of "Reviews," in the *Musical World*; and that he will commence his labors next week, or the week after. Of Professor Bennett's new symphony, anon. Surely also Herr Joachim's concerto was worth an inquiry. We presume that in answering "A Subscriber of Ten Years' Standing" (which we are compelled to do, notwithstanding his injunction), we are also answering "A Very Old Subscriber." We are aware that Oxford is not in Scotland, like Perth and Edinburgh;—but—, &c.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

THE conversion of the great music-publishing firm of Cramer, Beale & Co. into a Limited Liability Company has become one of the leading topics of conversation in London musical circles. Why one of the oldest establishments of the kind in the kingdom, and one which held the highest repute, not only in England, but throughout Europe, should resolve itself into a company of shareholders, has afforded abundant matter for speculation;—or, more properly, did afford it until the prospectus was issued, which at once set the business in so clear and full a light that all wonder and speculation was at an end. The company, which is entitled "Cramer & Co.," has been founded by a few thoroughly experienced men of business, who perceived that the concern carried on under the name of Cramer, Wood & Co. was capable of being turned to larger purposes than came within the aim and compass of one proprietor, and conceived that by getting the establishment into their own hands, and transforming it into a limited liability company, the public and shareholders would both be benefitted to a great extent. The company was started, and so feasible was the undertaking on the threshold, and so assured the advantages held out, that the shares sold off rapidly, and we believe are now nearly all disposed of. The history of a house which has made for itself a world-wide reputation is worth recording. The establishment was originally founded by Beale and Addison, under whose respective names it was carried on. Thomas Beale of Manchester, a name of the highest respectability in the Queen

of Manufacturing Cities, purchased the lease of the House, 201 Regent Street, for his son Frederick Beale, and Frederick Beale took Addison for partner. After the business had been a few years established Beale and Addison induced the famous pianist and composer, J. P. Cramer, to add his name to the firm, which thenceforward became "Cramer, Addison & Beale." Addison was subsequently bought out by Frederick Beale; and in the same year the well-known William Chappell (who holds so high a place in the literary world) was received as Beale's partner. In 1861 William Chappell was bought out by Beale, and George Wood of Edinburgh took his place. Frederick Beale died in 1863; when George Wood, having, as surviving partner, the option of purchasing the whole business, purchased it accordingly, the value of the business being determined by arbitration. It will be seen, by this brief history, that the late Frederick Beale—whose name figured so conspicuously, and always honorably, with the most stirring musical transactions of the day (the foundation of the Royal Italian Opera, to wit)—was in reality the origin and principal element for 34 years of the great firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co.; and that while, throughout the whole career of the establishment, all other names come and go, his alone remained a fixture until his death. It is satisfying to find his son, Mr. Willert Beale, who inherits all his father's well-known love of art, among the directors of the new undertaking. Mr. Willert Beale's knowledge of music and large experience in all musical matters will be of great advantage to the company, while his association with the house will sustain the prestige it acquired during his father's lifetime.

So much for the past. As regards the future, we may state that it is the intention of Directors to carry on the business upon the present basis and not to embark in any speculative undertaking. The stock of music and instruments is very large. There are nearly 1000 pianofortes, more than 500 of which are out on hire at a high remunerative price. The property further consists of the valuable musical copyrights of the firm, embracing, it is said, (including many valuable MSS.), the largest collection extant. For further information we must refer to the prospectus itself—a well-laid out and well-explained document, thoroughly frank and evoking public confidence at a glance—which will supply all that is required.

A VOICE FROM PRAGUE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR—the pianist, Herr Leo Lion, succeeded in exciting the expectation of the entire public. By means of gigantic "preparatory announcements" of his concert, posted at the corner of every street, he gave us dull-minded, province-born Praguers a fortnight to reflect upon the great treat, thanks to him, in store for us. In the name of all that is good, if Herr Richard Wagner thought fit to inform us some time beforehand of the concerts he intended giving, why should not Herr Leo Lion do so too? It is true that only a few years ago he was a very little personage in the Prague Organ School, but now he is a very great man: Berlin "Professor of Pianoforte Playing" forsooth. We certainly will not quarrel with him for this, and we are truly grieved at our inability to look up admiringly to him as a pianist and composer. The only thing which consoles us is the thought that the critical pen which Herr Leo Lion is said to wield with great facility, the result of long experience, will certainly compensate for this want of discrimination on our part, and manage to write up in the Berlin papers our poor little Leo. Respect for truth compels us to add that Herr Leo did not feel called upon to treat us Praguers again to his "Pianoforte Trio," so we can only hope to see, once more, next year, his "preparatory announcements."

I will here refer to the concert for the benefit of the German

Reading Hall, because it was at that concert the public heard a *débütante*, endowed with genuine talent, first play a piece of any importance—namely, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3—and accorded her a very favorable reception. Mdlle. Sophie Dietrich has, in consequence of Schulhoff's instructions, made such progress in a comparatively short period, that we are able even now to declare that the favorable expectations expressed last year with regard to her are fulfilled. Her execution of the beautiful Sonata was, artistically considered, the great feature in the programme. A German national character was given to the concert by the choruses, "Ermanne dich, Deutschland," by A. M. Storch, and "All Deutschland," by Franz Abt.

More interesting for those at a distance, and more important for our own musical progress, were the three concerts of the Cecilia Association; the concerts of the Conservatory; the "Easter Oratorio," and the farewell concert got up by the *Capellmeister*, Herr Jahn. The programme of the Cecilia Association consisted of works by J. S. Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Schumann. This list alone is sufficient to prove the great energy and activity characterizing the Association, a body so important for all musical matters among us, and we should really much regret if—as is reported—the members intend dissolving the Association next year, that is, in the twenty-fifth year of its existence. With regard to the value of the concerts this year, we must state, as a general characteristic of them, that, at each of the three, all the pieces were, as a rule, performed very well, and some in a more than ordinarily successful manner. Our warmest thanks, as usual, are due to Herr Abt, for the disinterested attention and trouble he exhibited at the rehearsals, as well as for his care in conducting the public performances.

With regard to the separate pieces of the programme, I must be allowed to remark, in reference to J. S. Bach's Suite in C major, performed at the first concert, that—though the various pieces ("Gigue," "Gavotte," "Courante," &c.) are in themselves highly interesting compositions—as a natural result of the dance-music form which is the foundation of them all, the rhythmical is the preponderating element, and thus the effect produced upon the hearer is frequently not so much a musical as a mathematical one. Instead of warm and blooming music, we feel, so to speak, the cold and barren bar-line. However refreshing, and, after a long course of modern musical hodge-podge, to a certain extent startling, may be the effect produced by the sharp and vigorous introduction of a fugal theme, that effect becomes painful when certain parts are sharply present for a considerable time, and contrapuntally treated, while, on account of the form selected, a regular fugal development is manifestly impossible. Each separate piece, therefore, in a Suite by J. S. Bach, will certainly, in consequence of the masterly treatment of the form and significance of the musical expression, excite our admiration; but a whole series of such pieces—unlike our modern symphony—held together by no internal bond, by no red thread in the form of a leading poetical idea, will only produce upon us an impression of fatigue. This last circumstance I believe probably impelled Franz Lachner to try if it were possible to retain, on the one hand, the old forms, as they exist in J. S. Bach's Suites, and, on the other, not to place them one after the other, like a simple string of beads, but to make them—inwardly connected with each other—the foundation and essential elements of a tone-picture in the sense of the modern Symphony. Whether Lachner has really attained his object appears, after all, still a matter of doubt. On us, at least, his last "Suite, No. 2, for Grand Orchestra"—performed at the concert for providing necessitous students with a free table—produced the impression of being a thoroughly sterling and correct work, affording a fresh proof of the composer's high musical acquirements, but sadly deficient in

the "Pride, pomp, and circumstance" requisite for the poetical plan of a Symphony, in the modern sense, established by Beethoven as a final model.

To return, after this digression, to the programme of the concerts given by the Cecilia Association, the second piece of the first concert—(Cherubini's *Requiem*) is too well-known to need any comment. What Mendelssohn thought of this work of genius, may be seen in his letters; and its relation to Mozart's *Requiem* was admirably set forth, a short time since, by your Berlin correspondent*.

Nor does Haydn's Symphony require any detailed notice, the most I have to observe being that it is impossible to understand why it should be entitled a "Symphony in C minor," when the first movement begins and closes in C major, while, in all the other movements, there predominates a joyous "major" character. In the variations of the "Adagio," those given to the violoncello were more especially well executed by Herr Brichta.

Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* is a wonderful work, unique of its kind, and yet, in its essence, it is a failure. What did the Royal Mæcenas really want, when he commissioned Mendelssohn to compose music to this gigantic drama of the Ancients?—Scholars have settled that the ancient chorus did not simply recite, and was not merely an objective witness of the drama, or the judgment of the public merely personified and placed upon the stage, but took an active share in the plot, and declaimed in such a fashion its reflections—accompanied with appropriate plastic movements, expressing the various emotions, and a decided intonation of the verse—that, strengthened by the *unisono*, there arose a kind of melody, which was traditionally preserved, and, as a fresh charm, could not fail to excite agreeably the Athenian ear, so susceptible to beauties of versification. But the ancient chorus can scarcely lay claim to be considered an actual song in the modern sense of the term.—What was Mendelssohn to do? Was he, by a zealous study of the verse, and by his delicacy of musical feeling, again to discover and restore the old style, which had been lost, of declamation, as well as the melodic fall of the verse, and thus render his art merely the handmaiden of dramatic recitation, renouncing music, properly so called in the modern acceptation; light, singable melody; dramatically moving polyphony; power, and fulness, in orchestration—in a word, all that renders music an art? Or was he to cast aside all the subtleties of antiquarian research, and, on the foundation of Greek tragedy, as it swept forward in moving majesty, construct a musical composition something in the style of our modern oratorio?—What his Mæcenas really desired, it would not, perhaps, be quite so easy to state, but it is very certain that Mendelssohn himself long hesitated what course to pursue. With the conscientious feeling peculiar to him, he thought himself into the subject, which, after all, was but little in accordance with his own taste; and went through a whole course of Greek prosody and versification. In this way it came to pass that we have his music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles. The very first chorus affords the best proof of the exhaustive nature of Mendelssohn's course of study; it approaches, probably, nearer than any other to ancient melody, and yet in a musical sense it is the weakest of all. Where, however, Mendelssohn saw most clearly that he had to solve the problem as a modern artist, as the standard-bearer of the musical romanticists, and in the style of a secular oratorio—where, in fact, he was in the most striking opposition to the whole nature, the whole notion of the chorus in ancient tragedy, he is wonderfully fine, and his sixth chorus (the "Hymn to Bacchus") the most prominent of his compositions, is the gem of his work.

As I have already mentioned, the execution of the latter was

* See MUSICAL WORLD, No. 23, Page 360.

admirable throughout. The connecting text by Küffner, and Kreon's melo-dramatically accompanied verses, were spoken excellently by Herr Fischer, and those of *Antigone* respectfully by Herr Huvart. There is one rock ahead, however, which the best delivery can never clear: the superabundance of interjections indicative of grief in the part of Kreon. The Greek tragic writer, it is true, could manage, owing to the great richness of the Greek language, to introduce diversity in this respect, and make "ὦ, ὦ" alternate with "αἰαί, αἰαί" and "οἶμοι." Unfortunately, the German language possesses really no more than two such interjections, and they are of one syllable. Consequently, that distinguished translator, Donner, could not avoid introducing those interjections as frequently as the verse required. Where, therefore, in the original, Kreon exclaims "οἶμοι, οἶμοι" or "αἰαί, αἰαί," in German he expresses his sorrow by a four-fold utterance of the word "Weh" ("Woe!"). The reader may easily fancy what monotony, closely bordering upon comicality, is the result; no delicacy of elocution can dissipate this impression, and when, in a few lines, Kreon wails forth his "Woe!" for the twentieth time, we may be sure that the audience will burst out into a fit of laughter. This evil is to be remedied only by a somewhat freer translation.

At the third concert, in addition to Schumann's *Manfred*, the charming women's chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence*, was executed and eucored, notwithstanding that, in consequence of their being no ladies in the Cecilia Association, it was necessary to have recourse to the aid of choir boys. With regard to the scenes performed from Gluck's *Orpheus*, instead of giving you a criticism of my own, I will cite the admirable remarks made on the work by Hector Berlioz in his *A travers Chants*.

"Gluck's *Orpheus* is now a hundred years old, and yet, after a century of intellectual movement and revolution in art, as in all our other affairs, it still possesses its original magic power; in the scene in the lower world, the instrumental introduction, the music to the dances of the Furies, the chorus of infernal spirits, who are at first so threatening, but who, overpowered by the strains of Orpheus, become moved more and more—lastly, the touching and yet melodious entreaties of Orpheus himself—in a word, everything is incomparably beautiful."

Madame Prochaska-Schmidt (Orpheus) sang the above scenes in the lower world, as likewise Handel's air, finely, and was rewarded with genuine applause.—*Recensionen* (per GROKER ROORES).

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE following Resolution was, we understand, unanimously adopted at the last Council Meeting on the evening of July 4th:—

"The experience of the last five years having shown, that the Fellows' Meetings for discussion of Musical subjects have not been supported by the Fellows of the Society to the extent that was necessary to render them useful;—that the Choral practice has also failed to attract such a number of Members as would render its continuance desirable;—and that the Conversazione and Soirée have involved an amount of personal labor and pecuniary expense far exceeding the advantages derived therefrom by Members, especially as regards the advancement of the Art of Music;—the Council is of opinion that these Meetings should be omitted from the Scheme of 1865, and that the operations of the Society for that year should be limited to four or five Grand Orchestral Concerts, and two Orchestral Trials."

A wider revolution, or one more likely to meet with general approval, could not have been suggested.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The directors for the ensuing season are Messrs. G. F. Anderson, W. G. Cousins, Marmaduke Wilson, Ferrari, McMurdie, Joseph Calkin and C. Lucas.

THE WIDOW of the celebrated composer, Cherubini, died recently—aged 91.

M. HENRI WIENIAWSKI, the violinist, is in Paris.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual concert given by the professional students on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall was one of great interest. It was, we are pleased to record, eminently successful and highly creditable to the Principal and the Professors. There was a large attendance of the friends and relatives of the students, while the numbers in the balcony and galleries clearly indicated that the concert had awakened attention abroad. The fact that the London Academy of Music now boasts of 200 pupils is sufficient proof that its reputation is widely spread, and that so eminent and experienced a musician as Professor Wyld being placed at the head of the establishment is guarantee for the efficiency and completeness of the instruction in every department.

Of the pianists, Miss Fynes (associate) and Miss Fanny Baker took the lead, the former more particularly, achieving a remarkable success. Miss Fanny Baker's performance of Hummel's *Andante* in E flat was highly commented, and would have done credit to an established artist. Miss Dolby in Beethoven's Sonata in G for Piano and Violoncello (M. Paque, professor, violoncellist); Miss Ibbotson in Mendelssohn's *Adagio and Presto Agitato*; and Miss Clara Gottschalk in a *fantasia* by Pudent, showed themselves able and expert performers. As violinist Master Saunders, pupil of Herr Molique, astonished every one by his performance of Mayseder's Air with Variations. Of the vocal artists, Miss Jane Smith, Miss de Rossi and Mr. Gay may be mentioned as exhibiting great promise and likely to take a good position as concert singers. To Mr. Renwick's singing we have frequently alluded with satisfaction. This gentleman has in a short time acquired a position as a singer which few have been so fortunate as to obtain. He appeared first in public at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts, and his reception there doubtless stimulated him on to further labor in his art.

Cimarosa's famous trio, capitolly sung by Mrs. Pace, Debenham, and Jane Smith, was one of the vocal hits of the concert.

The pianists, we understand, are all pupils of Professor Wyld, and the singers pupils of Sig. Schira and Sig. Garcia.

Herr W. Ganz accompanied at the pianoforte.

Altogether the concert gave unbounded satisfaction, and showed the very great advance made in their instruction by the pupils since their last exhibition in public last year.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Theatrical monopoly is at an end in Paris. The first of July saw stage-toryism quietly inhumed or ingravated, and from its place of rest the Spirit of Liberty arises. What will be the result who can tell? Everybody seems to think hopefully and to look with confidence to the future. I say nothing. Only I so think that if bakers, butchers (no allusion to the curt and cogent operative reporters of the *Musical World*), glovers, hatters, fishkeepers, horsemongers, greendelers, teagocers, druggists and poulterers were allowed to sell what they pleased, it would lead to confusion more than it would benefit. I do not pretend to argue; I merely echo a passing thought. If "Chacun à son gout" be a good French motto, why should not "Every trade to its line"—"Every playhouse to its play"—"Every operahouse to its music"—be good French mottoes—in English? For my part I do not see the good, even in *futuro*. However, the originators and legislators will soon find out its utility. The Porte St. Martin was the first theatre that took advantage of the liberty and transported to its own stage the repertory of the Théâtre-Français and the Italian Opera. There is no more difficult opera to render perfect in the execution than Rossini's *Barbieri*. The most accomplished singing and acting are required to do it justice. And yet this was one of the first works selected by the manager of the Porte St. Martin to exhibit the power and versatility of his company according to the new law. The boldness of the attempt was entitled to praise and pleaded extenuation for short-comings. The other operatic work selected was *Norma*, which, it seems, had even less success than the *Barbieri*. In the *Barbieri*, M. Capone, in the rôle of Count Almaviva, displayed a very agreeable voice and a pleasing style, but was sadly deficient in his acting. Madlle. Balbi, on the other hand, in Rosina, acted better than she sang, but was nothing particular for that. M. Reynal, who played the Barber, has a good voice and is an excellent comedian, but wants facility. M. Guillot, the Basilio, has a real bass voice—a *basso profundo*. The execution of *Norma* was altogether inferior. Madame Ecarlat-Geismar has many recommendations for the part of Norma, but her voice is worn and she is no longer young. Madame Ismael was no

better in Adalgisa. The voice of this lady is too coarse and heavy for the delicate priestess, and she is not sufficiently juvenile for the character. The manager of the Porte St. Martin must now be convinced that, when introducing operatic performances into his theatre, to commence with the most difficult work was a glaring error. For such performances his artists and his audiences were, for different reasons, unprepared. The *Avars* of Moliere, though another bold attempt for the company of the Porte St. Martin, was far more successful than either Rossini's or Bellini's opera. This of course would be naturally anticipated.

The performance of Racine's *Esther* at the Théâtre-Français, with choruses by M. Jules Cohen, was a success, due alike to the drama, to the music, and to the general performance. Madlle. Favart will hardly recall Rachel, who played Esther on the revival of the piece some twenty years ago, but she has eminent merits notwithstanding.

The *France Musicale* writes that Rossini has composed a funeral homage (*hommage funèbre*) to Meyerbeer, which "the author of *Guillaume Tell* improvised at the moment when the convoy of that great genius, whom he had cordially loved, passed under his windows at Paris."

The funeral obsequies of Fiorentino have been celebrated at his native place in Naples. The Neapolitan journal *Il Tempo* writes as follows:—"The remains of Fiorentino arrived yesterday and were deposited on a rich catafalque in the Church of Saint-Nicolas-de-la-Douane. A French priest and an undertaker from Paris organised a solemn funeral service to which the public were invited by announcement. Fiorentino had here a great reputation, and his admirers often appealed to his name to show to Alexandre Dumas that the Italians had still as much literary merit as the French. There is indeed one journal here which contends that Fiorentino was the author of *Monte-Cristo*, which Alexandre Dumas took the trouble to deny. After the funeral service the body of Fiorentino was placed in a vault of the Campo-Santo, where a monument, already ordered, is about to be erected by the family, or the heirs of the celebrated critic."

SMART AND SPARK.

PARIS (by Electric Telegraph).

Mr. Henry Smart, of London,* and Dr. Spark, of Leeds, have been some days in Paris, examining the organs at Cavallé-Coll's manufactory. They are greatly impressed by the purity of tone (especially of the reeds) and the exquisite workmanship of this maker. The result will be probably, an order to build an organ for St. George's Church, Leeds, which will then possess the only instrument of its kind in England made by a French manufacturer.

BADEN-BADEN.—Previously to the commencement of the operatic season, which takes place on the 15th inst., liberal arrangements have been made to amuse the visitors with concerts. Among the artists who have already appeared may be mentioned, 'the violinist' Herrman, and his wife, a harpist; the violoncellist, Ondshorn; Mdles. Favetier and Organi, pupils of Mad. Viardot, and Mdle Pruckner, of Vienna. The Matinees of Mlle. Elise Lang, who founded a Choral Association for mixed voices, with which she gives a concert every week, are well attended. M. Leonard and his wife have arrived from Brussels. The Mannheim orchestra, conducted by Herr Lachner, will commence their concerts very shortly. The programmes of the various entertainments contain some of the best names, such as those of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann. Herr Rubinstein is here, but does not play in public as yet. Meanwhile, every Sunday morning he gives a pianoforte performance in his own rooms, to which the best society flocks in shoals. Similar entertainments will shortly be given by Madame Viardot-Garcia, in the music hall she has had built on purpose, and which is to be opened next month.

EMS.—The operatic performances have commenced. Among the artists at this season's concerts will be Vivier, Sorvais, Batta, Alard, Viouxtemps, Joseph Wieniawski, Arban, Mad. Escudier, Mdle. Marion, and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington.

HOMBURG.—The "Kursaal" is becoming fuller everyday. The splendid theatre will shortly be inaugurated, and the following operas given, namely: *Martha*, *Ernani*, *Don Juan*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Don Pasquale*, *Stradella*, and *Semiramide*.

NAPLES.—Antonia Montenegro, formerly a very favourite singer at the Scala, Naples, and other theatres of Italy, has just died here. Her name is inscribed upon a marble tablet in the foyer of the Scala.

BEETHOVEN, AS SEEN BY A PAINTER.

AFTER the campaigns of 1813-1814, I left the army, and continued my artistic studies in Vienna, where already at that time the rich galleries of the princes, not then to be found in Berlin, offered the best occasions for study.

A late brother-in-law of mine, Baron von Skebousky (the owner of an estate in Austrian Silesia), begged me to paint for him a portrait of Beethoven for a gallery of celebrated Vienna artists of that time. To make the acquaintance of Beethoven, but especially to induce him to sit, was a difficult task. The happy and accidental acquaintance of a friend of Beethoven's, the violoncellist Daut of the Imperial Opera House, helped me to it, especially as the latter was himself much interested in the sitting. Daut advised me to wait till summer, as at that season Beethoven usually spent some time in Mödling, near Vienna, and was then the most open and accessible. By a letter from his friend, Beethoven was advised of my arrival there, and also of my desire to draw him. Beethoven had consented, but only under the condition that he would not have to sit too long. I was announced early in the morning. His old housekeeper told me that he would soon come, he was at breakfast yet; but there were books by Goethe and Herder, which could, in the mean-time, entertain me. At last Beethoven came and said: "You wish to paint me, but I am very impatient." He was very deaf already, and when I wanted to say anything, I had either to write it down, or he used his trumpet, unless a young assistant (a relative of about twelve years old), who was present, spoke the words very loudly into his ears. Beethoven now sat down, and the boy had to practice on the grand piano, which was a present from England. The instrument stood four or five paces behind him, and, in spite of his deafness, Beethoven corrected the boy's every mistake, and made him repeat several things. Beethoven always seemed very serious; his extremely lively eyes generally looked upward with a sombre, sullen expression, which I have tried to represent in the picture. His lips were closed, though the mouth did not look unkind. He liked to talk of the arrogant vanity and absurd taste of the Vienna aristocracy, of which he never thought much, for he found himself in a measure neglected, and not sufficiently understood. After about three quarters of an hour, he began to be restive. After friend Daut's instructions, I now knew that it was time to stop, and only begged him that he might allow me to return the next day, as I lived in Mödling. Beethoven consented kindly and said: "Then we can be often together yet, for I cannot sit long at a time. You must look around in Mödling, for it is very beautiful here, and as an artist, you must be a lover of nature." In my walks about Mödling, I met Beethoven more than once, and it was very interesting to note how at times he stood still, a piece of music and a pencil in his hand, as if listening, how he looked up and down, and then wrote something on the music paper. Daut had told me that if I met him thus, I should never speak to or notice him, because he would get embarrassed or disagreeable. Once when I was sketching a woodland, I saw him climbing up a height that separated us, his large, broad-brimmed, gray felt-hat under his arm. Having reached the top, he threw himself down under a pine tree, and gazed for a long time at the sky.—Every morning he sat for me a short hour. When Beethoven saw the portrait, he observed that he liked the hair very much; other painters had always represented him so sleek, as if he had to appear at Court, and he was not so at all. I must observe that the oil-painting for my brother-in-law is larger than the well-known lithography, that in the former Beethoven holds a piece of music in his hand, and that the background consists of a landscape.

"Beethoven's residence in Mödling was very simple, like his whole appearance. His dress consisted of a light-blue coat, with yellow buttons, a white vest and neck-cloth, as worn at the time; but every thing was very negligent with him. His complexion was healthy, the skin a little pock-marked, his hair already turning gray. His eye was a bluish-gray, and very animated. When a storm tossed his hair about there was really something demoniacal about him. In friendly conversation, however, he assumed a kind expression, especially if the conversation touched him agreeably. Every movement of his soul was instantly expressed forcibly in his features. He told me himself that he often went to the Opera, listening to the performance from one of the upper boxes, partly on account of his inclination for seclusion, and partly, as he said, because you hear the *ensemble* better up there."

PROFESSOR A. VON KLOBER (Berlin).

MUSICH.—According to good authority, the Baron Oscar von Redwitz has been appointed by the King, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Richard Wüerst's *Vineta* has been successfully introduced.

ROME.—Liszt and Remenyi played on the 10th ult. at Cardina Nardi's, Dr. Haynald, Bishop of Transylvania, also being present.

THE HARP.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you would allow me to reply, through the medium of your columns, to the letter on the subject of the "position of the body at the harp," which I see in your last week's impression. It is asserted therein that the prevailing manner of resting the harp upon the right shoulder is 'wrong'—I say it is 'right': it being the position formed from the best methods of the greatest performers upon the instrument—viz., Madame Krumpoltz, Count Neubourg, Viscount Marin, Dizi, Nadermann, Labarre, Godefroid, Bochsa and Parish Alvars. To put the question in the most practical and common sense view, let any person totally unacquainted with the harp, be seated at the instrument; and I am convinced that he will at once naturally see the utter impracticability of gaining any command over it when resting it upon the left shoulder, from the crampedness of such a position, and the certain loss of that equilibrium to the player while playing. According to these remarks (in your journal), the harpist would require a continual movement of the body as well as the fingers: to prove which, a person playing with the left hand in the treble has only to try and look at his fingers when playing, and he will at once find the difficulty of doing so. Besides, I will ask any person, whether the fact of seeing the right hand in its prevailing position is not only of immense importance, but infinitely easier, both for the exercise of the fingers and the pedals too. Their being again, a corresponding facility with the 'right' foot for the pedals as there unquestionably is with the right hand for executing passages, is a strong reason why there are four pedals upon one side and three upon the other. It is to the touch that the player's chief attention should be given during performance, but which must be of little consideration if the performer is left-handed, as your correspondent considers correct, because he sees four pedals upon the right side of the instrument. Sebastian Erard, who had studied harps; of all descriptions made during a period of three centuries, surely knew how his modern harp 'ought' to be used, after his having digested every conceivable plan for perfecting the harp as his genius has done, as also did the highly eminent men I have mentioned, or they would not, for the cultivation of their works advise a course so feasible, but yet entirely opposed to your correspondent's theory. Bochsa, in particular, I am quite certain gives no countenance, whatever, to anything the writer has yet insinuated against the prevailing position at the harp: and to accuse so great a master, 'he alone' of being 'wrong' is, to say the least, a strong accusation. Your correspondent thinks an equal strength with both hands desirable now-a-days; so do I, but I cannot forget that, to arrive at this, an elegant position at the instrument should be one of the first studies, but which, assuredly cannot be obtained if the harp be supported upon the left shoulder. Up to the present date the exercise of 'gymnastics' has not been considered indispensable for one who would perform elegantly upon the harp—but if the left-handed style of playing be adopted, a special gymnasium for harpists had better be erected immediately. Your correspondent having always reversed the position of his hands from the modern school of playing, finds greater facilities in favor of it; but the authorities above enumerated strongly disapprove his remarks upon their style as being 'a modern innovation,' it being clear that their school is the only one that ever existed of harp playing. I deny most emphatically that the left hand as now used in the bass is misplaced, as the writer remarks. On the contrary, I contend that the right hand, which is (to one not left-handed) the stronger of the two, is very well placed where it is, as the soul of the execution of a piece is entrusted to it, from its superior strength and natural capabilities of performance. As to the want of space, the writer of the letter complains of as the strings are now placed, I can only say that there has been no legitimate passage of any notable effect ever written but what has, and still can be, played as the instrument is constructed. If the harp is to be considered an instrument upon which an educated or intelligent musician can study, I think the less said the better about the old Welsh harp as one for his choice. Allowing it to be ingenious and characteristic for its period, it offers nothing more than ingratitude for the pains bestowed upon it; and however enthusiastic the ancient minstrels were, it is remarkable in all instances, that their style of playing has been abandoned by all modern 'Welsh harpists' (excepting your correspondent), who have taken any position as 'educated' performers upon the instrument. Your correspondent's remarks, I consider, apply to the Welsh manner of harp playing, which he himself adopts, and which obliges the performer to rest the harp upon the left shoulder, otherwise he could not play upon that instrument as it is constructed. His remarks have no reference, nor certainly the slightest importance to Sebastian Erard's splendid invention, nor to modern harpists whose instructions have been built upon the above standard authorities. The two instruments should not be confounded. To change the prevailing position at the harp would be to me the same as inverting the key-board of the pianoforte.

In conclusion, your correspondent's remarks, as applied to modern harp-playing, and the modern harp, are as erroneous as they are impracticable, and in saying so, the productions of the eminent men I have quoted are my authority; their school being, I repeat, and having been the standard one of modern harp-playing for nearly half a century. Apologizing for taking up so much of your very valuable space, I am, sir, yours obediently,

JOHN CHESHIRE,
Professor and Member of the R.A. of Music, and principal
Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, etc.
16, Osaburgh Street, Regent's Park, July 14, 1864.

CONCERTS.

AT MR. JOHN THOMAS'S CONCERT, given on Wednesday evening, the 29th ult., at St. James's Hall, a new dramatic cantata, entitled, *Llewellyn*, was produced with genuine success. The cantata has been written in Welsh by the well-known Cambrian bard, Talhain. Mr. Thomas Oliphant has supplied the translation, and the music is from the pen of Mr. John Thomas. That a great deal was expected from the new work may be inferred from the fact that a first-rate band, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, had been provided, and that Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, had been secured as principal singers. Moreover, to do every justice to the Welsh music, a band of harps was employed, the harpists being Messrs. J. Balair Chatterton, T. H. Wright, J. Cheshire, H. C. Trust and George, Miss Trust, and the composer, Mr. John Thomas. The band included the *élite* of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, with M. Sainton as first fiddle. With such aids in the instrumental and chief vocal department, added to an efficient choral force, a fair chance of success was secured for the cantata before hand. But this fair chance was converted into a certainty by the agreeable quality and decided character of the music. The audience was pleased, nay, delighted, and the cantata was pronounced excellent and Welsh to the fibres. On another occasion we may enter into details about the story and the music; at present our readers must be content with learning that *Llewellyn*, Prince of Wales, Ab Gruffydd, Tywysog Cymru, spurs the iron rod of Edward, the Saxon King, partly invades England, concludes a treaty of peace with the tyrant, and marries his betrothed, Eleanor de Montfort, at Worcester; the piece concluding at *Llewellyn's* castle at Aber, with a grand bridal display, and a demonstration in memory of those who fought and fell. This fertile theme affords abundant and varied opportunity to the musician, of which Mr. John Thomas has made good use. The cantata is very long, and we shall, therefore, merely cite a few of the pieces which, on the night in question, created most effect in the performance. There is much spirit and character in the opening chorus—Morning Hymn, "Ye hundred bards, awake! arise!" and the Martial Air, with Chorus, "I call on old, I call on young," was worthy of especial note, if only for the singing of Mr. Lewis Thomas, as Y Bardd, Gruffydd, Ab yr Ynad Coch. The recitative, "Obedient to my country's wish," followed by the war-song, "Firm as the sea-girt rock," for *Llewellyn*, magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, created a furor. Great applause also followed the prayer for *Llewellyn* and chorus, "Oh, Pow'r Supreme!" The air for Eleanor (Miss Edith Wynne), "Oh! fair would I recite the days gone by"—one of the most tuneful pieces in the cantata—was greatly admired; as was also the legendary ballad, "The chase was o'er on Snowden's side," so powerfully recommended by Madame Sainton Dolby's singing. Perhaps, however, the best composition in the cantata is the terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass, "Long may ye live and long enjoy," perfectly sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Thomas, and which the audience liked so much that they insisted on hearing it a second time. Without entering into further particulars, we may state that Mr. Thomas's new work afforded general satisfaction, and that at the end of the performance he was called for, and when he came on was received with cheers. Of the second part it is unnecessary to say more than it consisted entirely of Welsh pieces, vocal and instrumental, in most of which the harps played a conspicuous part.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The third concert of Easter term, given by the students, took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday morning. The first part was devoted to manuscript works by the students, and on the whole was creditable to their talent. Two overtures—one by Mr. Hall and one by Miss Agnes Zimmermann (King's Scholar)—are characterised by skilful writing if not by brilliant ideas. Miss Zimmermann's overture is scored very effectively, but we fancied we had met with the themes before. A Pianoforte Caprice by Mr. T. W. Walstein, performed by the composer, has a good deal of merit and was liberally applauded. The caprice was introduced at the last orchestral trial of the Musical Society of London and favorably received. The first movement of a Concerto for pianoforte, by Mr. Arthur Fox, is also entitled to a word of strong praise, although

the composer was so nervous in his playing that he did it anything but strict justice. The remaining pieces comprised a part-song, "The day is done," by Mr. Prentice (Potter's Exhibitioner); song, "Solitude," by Mr. Arthur Fox, sung by Miss Sophia Kellner; song, "Heartsease," by Mr. W. T. Walstein, sung by Miss Macdonald; and song, "The Slave's Dream," by Miss Madelena Cronin, sung by Miss Fanny Armytage. The part-song was entitled to most consideration. It is to be hoped that the introduction of compositions by the students into one of the parts of the Concert will form a standing rule. It is in accordance with the course we have always advocated and will always continue to advocate. Little need be said of the second part. The Andante and Last movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto was admirably played by Mr. Ralph and enthusiastically applauded. Miss Fanny Armytage gave the cavatina "Come per me sereno," from the *Sonnambula*; Miss Emily Pitt "Una voce," Miss Edith Wynne "Should he upbraid"; and Miss Margaret Halle in Mercadante's "So m' abbandoni," all singing well. At the conclusion of the concert, the prize medals were distributed by the Countess of Wilton and the Duke of Leinster, in the following order:—The Silver Medal, on the ladies' side, to Miss Agnes Zimmerman; that on the gentlemen's to Mr. Walstein; bronze medals to Miss A. Thinkel, Mr. Arthur Fox and another young gentleman whom we failed to recognize and whose name escaped us.

MR. KUHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—A very admirable selection of classical and modern pianoforte music was performed at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, June 23rd, by that talented professor and excellent player, Mr. Kuhe, in presence of a large and distinguished audience. The examples of the classic master's comprised Beethoven's Sonata, in A major, No. 2, and Scarlatti's Sonata in C. The modern samples were more numerous, and included Thalberg's "Ballade"; Liszt's "Vals" (*Faust*); Chopin's "Nocturne" in E flat, and "Valse" in A flat; Blumenthal's "Les Ailes"; and compositions from his own pen, "Harp Eolienne" (song without words), "Etude de Concert," and "Fantasia on Irish airs." The last was new, but was received with all the warmth of an old acquaintance, the airs introduced being all well-known. Mr. Kuhe played these various pieces not only like an expert manipulator, but like a thorough musician, who knew and felt the value of each piece, and could impart to it its proper expression. He also performed three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," namely: No. 1, Book 2; No. 3, Book 5; and No. 3, Book 3. As Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" may be placed in the category either of "Classical" or "Modern Pianoforte" works, we forbear to include them in either. In his execution of these, nevertheless, Mr. Kuhe seemed to please the audience most. All three "Songs" were listened to with rapt attention, and followed with murmurs of applause from the tenderest sex and loud plaudits from the rougher. Mr. Kuhe was assisted in the vocal department by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Herr Reichardt. The first named lady sang the "Air des Bijoux" from *Faust*, and the romance "L'Abeille" from *La Reine Topaze*; to Madame Sainton-Dolby was assigned Herr Engel's romance "Irene," and two ballads by Claribel, "Norah's Treasure" and "Maggie's Secret"; and to Herr Reichardt his new song "Eine Thräne." Moreover, the duet "Della Mosa," from the *Prophete* was given by the ladies, and Blangini's duet "Per Valli per bosco" by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Reichardt. Need we say how such well-known pieces were given by such singers?

MRS. MEREST'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—The last of these soirées was the most fully attended. Mrs. Merest, in excellent voice, gained special approbation for her expressive delivery of "O rest in the Lord," (*Elijah*). Her own ballad "Ruth" was also singled out for marked applause. The other solos of Mrs. Merest were Winter's "Sommo Dio," her own ballad, "Oh chide me not, my mother," and "The Mermaids' Cave," by the late Charles Horn. Mrs. Merest also joined Miss Minnie Poole, Messrs. Carter and Seymour Smith, in a quartet by Dr. Crotch, "Lo! Star-led Chiefs"; Miss E. Wilkinson, Messrs. Carter, Shoubridge and Smith, in a glee by "Hindle" (harmonized by Mr. Henry Baumer); the same in Elliott's glee, "Come see what pleasure"; Miss Wilkinson and Miss Minnie Poole, in Mozart's "Gia fan ritorno" (*Die Zauberflöte*); and Messrs. Carter, Shoubridge and Smith in Spottforth's "Hail, Smiling Morn." Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and the effect she produced by her graceful, finished and exquisite performance of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and her fairy-like interpretation of Mr. Benedict's "Where the bee sucks," may be readily imagined. Among the vocal pieces that deserve special eulogy was Signor Randegger's Cradle Song, "Peacefully Slumber," which Miss Eleanor Wilkinson gave with genuine taste. A duet for flute and piano, exceedingly well played by Mr. Henry Baumer and Mr. Graeff Nicholls, and Mr. T. H. Wright's clever performance of his own fantasia for the harp on National Airs were both features. Mr. Henry Baumer accompanied the vocal music.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH—daughter of our oldest, most esteemed and most accomplished musical critic—gave her first *Matinée* on Thursday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to an elegant and numerous assembly. The singers were Miss Florence de Courcy, Madame Weiss, Miss Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Signors Giuglini and Gardoni, Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss; instrumentalists, Madame Arabella Goddard and Miss Madeleine Schiller (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and Mr. Edward Howell (violoncello). The pieces which elicited the most applause were Mr. Benedict's pianoforte fantasia, "Where the bee sucks," played by Madame Arabella Goddard, and unanimously encored, when "The last Rose of Summer" was substituted, the fair pianist in the "Bee" and the "Rose" alike enchanting the audience. Signor Giuglini's "Figlia d'Erina" ("Eily Mavourneen," from the *Lily of Killarney*), encored; and Ardit's "Stirrup Cup," by Mr. Santley, also encored. There were other performances which, if they did not create so great an effect, had equal claims on the admiration of the hearers—as for instance, Thalberg and De Beriot's Duet on the *Huguenots*, for pianoforte and violin, executed by Madame Goddard and M. Sainton—a faultless display; Mr. Santley's "Non piu andrai," and M. Sainton's playing of his own admirable fantasia upon *Faust*. Much deserving of praise, too, was Miss Florence de Courcy in Ardit's bolero "Leggiero invisibile," and Madame Sainton in the song, "To find thee sorrowing,"—the last the perfection of ballad-singing. On the whole Miss Helen Hogarth's aristocratic patrons must have felt thoroughly gratified.

MADAME SHEPHERD LEY'S annual concert attracted a large audience to the Hanover Square Rooms. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Merest, Signor Nappi, Mr. Garter, and the concert-giver. The instrumentalists were Madlle. Bido (the Hungarian violinist), Herr Coenen and Mr. H. Baumer (pianists), and Herr Lidel (violoncellist). Madame Shepherd Ley exhibited her acquaintance with the dramatic style of "Robert toi que j'aime," which she gave to the entire satisfaction of the audience. An Italian aria, "La Rossa dell Alpi," equally well sung, showed her proficiency in another school. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gave Mr. Boscovitch's "Sweet Nightingale"; and Mrs. Merest Mozart's "L'addio" (which is not Mozart's) both with remarkable success. Mr. Henry Baumer played Weber's "La Gaieté" admirably, Madlle. Bido and Herr Coenen joining in a Sonata for violin and pianoforte by Beethoven, and the fair violinist concluding the first part of the programme with an excellent performance of a *Morceaux de Salon* by Vieuxtemps. The second part included, among other things, an effective performance by Herr Coenen of Vincent Wallace's *Cracovienne*, some songs by Mr. Carter, Signor Nappi, and Madame Sherrington. Mrs. Merest's ballad "The chain is broke that bound me," excellently sung by the composer, and "Le faccio un inchino," by Messdames Sherrington, Shepherd Ley, and Merest. The accompanists were Messrs. Kallmark, Baumer, and A. S. Pearce.

MISS ELIZABETH STEVENSON'S seventh and last "Recital of Pianoforte Music" took place on Monday last, at Messrs. Cramer's rooms, which were fully and fashionably attended. Miss Stevenson is (as we think we have before stated) a pupil of Moscheles, and a worthy pupil of an eminent master. Her sterling qualities as pianist will be better appreciated when they are more known. The selection of pieces was, as on previous occasions, chiefly made from the works of the classical masters. On this occasion Miss Stevenson gave Weber's grand Polonaise in E flat; Moscheles' Variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith"; a Sonata by Scarlatti; Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28); some of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn; a *Schlummerlied* by Schumann; *Marche Funebre* by Chopin; and a Romance by Mozart. Miss Stevenson was assisted by Madame Henrie, an intelligent and pleasing vocalist, who gained the applause of the audience by the agreeable manner in which she sang two songs by Mr. Henry Smart, and "My Home in Cloudland" from Mr. Benedict's operetta *The Bride of Song*.

MR. IGNEAZ GIBSONE, the well-known pianist, gave his second *matinée* at his residence, Sunderland Terrace, Westbourne Park, on Monday, and was honored by a full and fashionable attendance. Mr. Gibson played the *Andante* and *Allegro Finale* from Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 27; "Deux Valses," Op. 64, by Chopin; and several pieces of his own composition, all with good effect. Of his own pieces the "Chanson a Boire" (*Scène Caractéristique*) pleased most, and Mr. Gibson was called upon to repeat it by general desire. Mr. Gibson also contributed two vocal *morceaux*—"Song of the Fairy," sung by Miss Florence De Courcy, and "The Memory of thy Voice," sung by Miss Palmer Lisle—the first very pretty and tuneful. Other vocal pieces were given, among which we may specify Ardit's bolero, "Leggero Invisible" by Miss De Courcy, brilliantly sung and deservedly encored, and Mr. F. Romer's song "Thyri the Fair," by Miss Rose Milton, who has an agreeable contralto voice—also encored.

CRYSTAL PALACE—(*Communicated and abridged*).—For the coming few days a host of attractions is announced. To-day and Monday the great fêtes of the Dramatic College will be held. As at these nearly all the principal actresses and actors of the day take part no wonder they draw large attendances. The programme issued by the council of the college will show that unusual exertions have been made to render these great popular fêtes attractive. Numerous excursions are advertised for Monday: one particularly noticeable bringing people from Bradford, Sheffield, Leeds, Nottingham, Leicester, &c., to London and back in a single day, at the cost of six shillings. In the grounds the Pneumatic Passenger Railway, interesting to all connected with railways, is approaching completion. By this locomotives are dispensed with, pneumatic suction or pressure being the motive power. A large hippodrome has been erected in the lower part of the grounds, in which for some weeks performances will be given by a troop of equestrians. The gardens and Park were never in such perfection; the shrubs and plants have reached maturity. The great rosary, the marble vases and geometrical beds filled with the choicest flowers, present a spectacle which, when heightened by the display of the numerous fountains, is not to be surpassed.

ST. MARYLEBONE EYE INSTITUTION.—A concert in aid of the funds of this excellent institution took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, and went off with spirit. All the artists exerted themselves as zealously as if they had been paid double terms. Mad. Arabella Goddard's chaste and brilliant execution, with M. Sainton, of a Sonata by Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin, and again of a showy and splendid *concertante* duet for two pianofortes, composed by Mr. G. A. Osborne (on *Faust*), with the composer, elicited special marks of approbation. Mr. Santley was encored in Signor Arditi's "Stirrup Cup." The same compliment was paid to Mr. Weiss, in "When we were boys together," to Madame Parepa, in "Bid me discourse," and to Mdlle. Enequist in some Swedish airs. A *duo concertante* (harp and concertina) by Mr. Boleyn Reeves and Signor Giulio Regondi, a clarinet solo by Mr. Lazarus ("Traditions of Shakespeare"), and a violin solo, on *Faust*, composed and played by M. Sainton, were all much admired; the whole concert, indeed, gave satisfaction.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S SOIREEs.—The last of Mr. Handel Gear's *Soirées Musicales*, on Thursday evening, was one of the best of the series. Several of Mr. Gear's pupils assisted; and among them may be singled out, as reflecting credit alike on their instructor and on themselves, Miss Lonsdale, Miss Forbes, Miss Elden, and Mr. Assur Keyser. To impart variety to the programme, which consisted chiefly of vocal music, Master Churchill Arldige played some solos on the flute, which greatly pleased the audience. Mr. Handel Gear, besides singing several duets with his pupils, gave, at the conclusion of the programme, Mr. John Parry's travesty of "Blue Beard," which afforded infinite diversion.

A TRIFLE TOO SMART.—The *Smart Snob's Organ* is grinding frantically for the benefit of the other organs for whose utterance pennies are also pitched into the street by people who like coarse amusement. While we recognise the sacred sympathies of such brotherhood, we must protest against downright falsehood. The "tops of the busses" like a grin as preparation for the day's work, and we allow that the *Smart Snob* supplies grin, and occasional gush, in a very honest manner. And one would not be hard upon claptrap necessary in the way of trade in these days of pushing and hawling. But as it is simply false, and not at all funny, to say that Mr. Bass's bill for the protection of the sick and the dying (to say nothing of classes with whom Snobs have little in common) from the cruelties of the organ-fiends, is a measure for depriving the poor of music, we may hint that such writing tends to excite a contempt which we are far from feeling, as a general rule, for any one who strives to please the harmless tastes of his customers. The bill is calculated to give the poor ~~two~~ times as much music as they get at present, for it is meant to drive the organs from quarters where they are not wanted. The organ-owners now derive their chief income from hush-money, we wish them to receive it as payment for welcome service. If the profits of the miscreants who import the unhappy Italians, treat them brutally, and mainly live upon the blackmail they extort, be lessened by a police measure, we do not see in this prospect any case for the lamentations of a respectable journalist. As to sneers at the alleged feelings of the late Mr. Thackeray, or at those of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Babbage, and the musical artists of London, such things are matters of taste, and the tops of the busses are not, perhaps, very appreciative of true art or science. But tell the truth, even to smart Snobs.—*Punch*.

DRESDEN.—The Theatre Royal, which has just been renovated, was re-opened lately with Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, preceded by Weber's "Jubel-Ouverture."

Early in July,
PRIZE POEMS receiving the 100 Guineas offered in the Advertisements, "Ho! for a SHAKESPEARE," and awarded by Messrs. Webster, J. Stirling Coyne, Andrew Halliday, George Rose, and Thomas S. Stuart. Illustrated with Lithograph Portraits of Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of Beauty. Can be had GRATIS at all the best Drapers in the Kingdom, or forwarded, on receipt of stamped address to DAY & SONS, Lithographers to the Queen, Publishers, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND will play his "IMPROMPTU" at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, THIS DAY, at the Hanover Square Rooms.
Published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

BEETHOVEN'S POLONAISE (in C) will be played by Mr. G. W. HAMMOND at Messrs. Holmes and Hammond's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, THIS DAY.
London: Published (price 3s.) by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

VOGLER'S "MARCH OF THE DANISH GUARDS," for the Pianoforte, price 3s. "The Danish soldiers are being led to battle to the exciting strains of this fine March."
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THE new Edition of this celebrated Work on "THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING" is published, price 12s., by
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